Morio.

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POPULAR GOVERNMENT LOST?

AS Henry Cabot Lodge joined the "O tempora! O mores!" Club? The Senator from Massachusetts celebrated Washingten's Birthday by lamenting before the Washington Association at Morristown the loss of that Popular Government which the Father of his Country founded for its everlasting good.

Mr. Lodge also finds that when the opinions of Washington or Lincoln are quoted to-day Americans are inclined to feel that "although they were undoubtedly remarkable men in their time, they can hardly be compared with the master minds engaged in undoing their work, and, moreover, that everything has altered since they flourished."

In what sunless, sound-proof caverns has the Senator been sitting? When in three generations has the country discussed a crisis with more frequent and enthusiastic reference to the words and warnings of its first President? When has the memory of Lincoln been oftener or more reverently invoked as an example to the statesmen upon whom the country depends for guidance?

As for popular government, the Government of the United States has never shown itself more conscious of the hundred million people o whose will it exists to carry out. The President has spared no effort to talk to them, to urge upon them their supreme power and responsibility. Even Congress is listening to those it represents with an attentiveness and respect it has not always shown.

In the face of a great issue, those in office, instead of trying to drive the nation, are doing their best to get the nation to express itself in sober thought and decision on the part of every individual citizen. Was Washington's popular government a different brand?

THE NEW HAVEN ACCIDENT.

PESTERDAY'S train wreck on the New Haven line near Milford, Conn., which killed nine and injured many more, is pretty sure to be investigated with extra thoroughness by

During the last two years and a half the New Haven has worked hard to get away from its past and be once more a railroad. Only a few days ago its new President, Howard Elliott, told the public that since he took office no passenger had lost his life in a New Haven wreck. The Milford accident comes as a reminder that good railroad management can never relax its vigilance.

The smash-up at Milford was first of all a rear-end collision. A special accommodation train ran into the rear end of a halted express and a freight train running on the next track struck the hurtling cars and added to the wreckage.

When the express stopped the local was "unexpectedly close behind." So close that the flagman who ran back from the express was run down and killed by the engine of the oncoming local.

Why was one moving train "unexpectedly close behind" another? The old, old question that is always put too late-over the debris of charred wood, twisted steel and mangled bodiqs. Again the New Haven has to answer it.

SOMETHING EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW.

HE fire in a West Forty-fourth Street rooming house yesterday morning, in which five lives were lost, appears to have made a furnace of the place before an alarm was turned in. Yet ued. "Just this morning a fellow the building was close to Broadway, in one of the most frequented takes a seat at the counter, puts his centres of the city, and it was after 7 o'clock in the morning when

The first man who ran to a fire alarm box was so excited that out hitting it up all night. So I just he did not pull down the lever far enough to sound the alarm. Ten says, 'Why not go home nights?' He minutes elapsed before some one else sent a signal which brought says to not kid him, please,

A few weeks ago an apartment house fire got a number of minutes' start because the elevator boy who ran to the corner fire alarm thought opening the door of the box all that was necessary to bring You see, kid, I learned that in school,

Every man and woman in the city and every boy and girl over All he says was that I was a victous fourteen years of age ought to know how to send in a fire alarm in siren. the regular way. Every elevator boy and doorman on duty at night should be specially instructed how to turn in an alarm from the nearest box without a second's delay or the chance of a mistake.

Apparently the public needs teaching on this point, and it cannot w be taught too soon.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Much discontent comes of the men-tal habit to believe that something seeing is believing he knows a good thifferent would be something better.—Albany Journal.

An exchange wants to know what

A man can deceive himself a whole is the most useless thing in the world. Our idea of it is a street car transfer public.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dollars and Sense

a concern that spends nearly then lightly touch upon the other talking points.

When our salesmen come to town.

a million dollars annually pump them. If our salesmen could write as well as you they'd be worth twice your salary in your job. They know, where you have to guess. Find out the nature of the objections they meet and seek to overcome them. man the other day. "They impressed me as being sufficiently valuable to be worth clipping:"

If you want to write vigorous, resultful copy, forget your college education. Use words which Bill Tompkins, the plumber, will grasp, and Prof. Diggus Dirtum will get your meaning. And there are more plumberes than professors.

Use three-syllable words rather than four, and one or two-syllable rather than three.

Don't land your heaviest blow in the first paragraph. Knockouts are blow in seddem scored in the opening round.

Seddem scored in the opening round.

Wall short may the paper napkin establishment to the paper napkin establishment to the paper napkin catablishment to the paper napkin establishment to the paper napkin catablishment to the paper napkin catablishment to the paper napkin establishment to the paper napkin establishment to the paper napkin establishment to the paper napkin catablishment to the paper napkin catablishment to the paper napkin catablishment to the paper napkin establishment to our say, we givele? You know us waitresses have all 't equipped with dectionaries in this numan fuel casis.

Strange to say, she never got mad.

In writing copy remember that most the paper napkin establishment to our say, we givel? You know us waitresses have all 't equipped with dectionaries in this numan fuel casis.

"Strange to say, she never got mad. In writing point of our aminunition is aimed at the small business man. We cover the big plants in person. Establish a real point

Save a wallop for your climax.

Before you write a line put yourself in the reader's place. The arguments which would sell him.

Don't try to develop too many points in one piece of copy. Select or five "ais." The sixth one may be the world and the point of contact.

Never write an "ad." for a medium.

without consulting your file of "ads."

"Darn it!' I says. "Now you spoints in the reader's place. The arguments which would sell him.

Don't try to develop too many points in one piece of copy. Select or five "ais." The sixth one may points in one piece of copy. Select or five "ais." The sixth one may possible the vital point of contact. points in one piece of copy. Select or live the vital point of contact,

An Experienced Dog-Catcher By J. H. Cassel



Lucile, the Waitress

-By Bide Dudley

66CAY," said Lucille, the waitress, SAY," said Lucille, the waitress, as the newspaperman dropped a lump of sugar in his coffee, ally the help eats it ourselves." "Oh, but I'm feeling frappe,' he a lump of sugar in his coffee, "do I look like a depot for the distribution of sympathy?"

"Why, no, I guess not," he replied. "Well, there's a lot of people comes head in his hands and says he hasn't slept none because of insomnibus. I looks up at me like a dving calf and

'Oh, but I feel bad,' he re-isterates. I'm still the crool woman with the heart of curbstone.

"'You mean you feel badly,' I says badly being the proverb antedating the adjective. He wouldn't argue.

"Tm a what" I ask.

"'A siren, says he.

"'Now listen, friend!' I says. 'Please don't call me no lire department whistle nor nothing, as you seem prome to. Remember, I'm a poor working girl trying to earn an honest dollar—in tips.' I put in the part about the time. about the tips to jog his memory ;

bit. "But, he renunciates, 'I'm sleepy. "'All right.' I tell bim. 'You just set where you're at and I'll have your berth made up. In the mean time set where you re and the mean time berth made up. In the mean time let's start the lazy old chef to fussing about. What will you slip the inert man?"
"He looks at me mighty mournful.

"He looks at me highly mourned."
What's good to cat when you're dying for sleep?" he asks.

"How about a fricassee of pillow-slip or a hunk of mattress medium?" I ask. Well, sir, that fellow gets sore and

goes out. When he's gone Juliette, the blonde-aw-natural head waitress, comes to me and says: 'What did "'He acted like he wanted a bed,' I

says. "Well, well!" says Juliette. 'I thought he looked somnambulous."

"Now me and Juliette ain't the very best of friends, kid, and when she pulls it on me I give her a sideways flash of my eyes and says: 'Back to the paper napkin establishment for you, girlie! You know us waitresses ain't equipped with dictionaries in

The Jarr Family - By Roy L. McCardell -

for a quiet fellow with a big nose, Whaddye know about all this sympathy thing I run against?"
"It looks as though you're the sympathy goat around here?"
"I sure am. I never want any for mysolf; so why should the buyers "To meet Mrs. Stryver and do ome shopping," said Mrs. Jarr, "and hen we are going to an auction sale."
"Oh, you are, are you?" asked Mr. low the stout people present with a arr. "Well, don't you think that we can of liquid give and mend the liqui "I'm to meet Mrs. Stryver and do

want it from me? Honest, kid, some-times they hand me so many bids for sympathy that I get all tired out. I'm that way right now. Ain't you a little bit sorry for me?" And if we should need anything as they were broken." what's the use of getting robbed at an auction?"

Leap Year Love Letters

From the New Eve to the Old Adam

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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without the other is guilty of a crim-inal operation in the eyes of their friends—worst of all, in the eyes of the unfortunate twins themselves.

gramme to-day?" asked thing to-day," said Mrs. Jarr, "but gramme to-day?" asked thing to-day," said Mrs. Jarr, "but ed with emotions of various kinds, Mr. Jarr when Mrs. Jarr Mrs. Stryver is wild about antiques- was one of shame. She felt chanformed him she was going down- anything in old mahogany, especi-

"So I noticed when we were at the some shopping," said Mrs. Jarr, "and Stryvers' the other evening," replied then we are going to an auction sale." Mr. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver had to folhave about all the things we need? spindly old chairs and sofas as fast

"Yes, and you broke a chair yourself," said Mrs. Jarr, "and you didn't pencil and paper and started to write laugh about it then. Did you do it out her menu. She would have creamed chicken—or, rather, chicken on purpose?" "No, I didn't." declared Mr. Jarr,

old junk and bring it in this house "You just dare!" replied Mrs. Jarr.

omewhat heatedly. "Well, you just buy it!" said

"I'd like to see you try it!" said Mrs No. 10.

A DAM, First and Only Man for Me—I have decided it was not the serpent who destroyed the large feathered cushions about his soul. Jarr. "There's a lovely old sideboard shameful peace. Bernard Shaw as and dining-room table with six chairs the serpent who destroyed the large feathered cushions about his soul. Jarr. "There's a lovely old sideboard shameful peace. Bernard Shaw as and dining-room table with six chairs the serpent who destroyed the large feathered cushions about his soul. Jarr. "There's a lovely old sideboard shameful peace. Bernard Shaw as and dining-room table with six chairs the serpent who destroyed the large feathered cushions about his soul. Jarr. "There's a lovely old sideboard shameful peace. Bernard Shaw as and dining-room table with six chairs the serpent who destroyed the large feathered cushions about his soul." happiness of our illustrious first parents. It was the fact that Eve was bored. If the wrecker of Paradise had not been the serpent it might have been the grocer's boy. Of course Adam was bored, too. But he belonged comedies. But there are women who Adam was bored, too. But he belonged to get them. After they are remaining poing to get them. After they are remaining to going to get them. going to get them. After they are re-

to the conventional sex, the sex that are merely artists, there are men who stays put matrimonially until some are merely fathers. And the greatest buccaneering lady climbs aboard its tragedy of life happens when the heart, hoists the black flag over her woman artist is subdued to the rous.

"I won't have my money wasted on that sort of junk!" remarked Mr. heart, hoists the black flag over her woman artist is subdued to the rous.

"I won't have my money wasted on junk!" remarked Mr. has fever of unrest. When Robe her. Jarr. "You just get them and you'll ert came in she greeted him coldly." see what will happen!"

prize and then makes the other poor tine purposes of marriage. She does woman, once the captain, walk the it herself. Her love subdues her, plank. In other words, Adam was a But the thought of Niagara turning He was so wrought up about it that he determined to go to the sale himmoral being. But Eve, like every one the wheels of a collar factory holds of her daughters, conceded the right no greater incongruity. Woman's self. Mrs. Jarr was not there, which of her husband to bully her, neglect love is the greatest force in the cooled him down, and then, considerbrowbeat her, but not to bore world and the most misdirected. And ing that he had been hasty, if not unkind, and had kept her from the sale, Now, in marriage the unforgivable is no use in believing that man alone Now, in marriage the unforgivable is no use in other in that man alone he resolved to buy the furniture when mony is practised among us, Adam, harnessed it to the small every-day it was put up. There was spirited there is no way for either man or purposes of physical comfort, her woman to escape that manifest comfort as well as his. To the original to get it, and did at a most excessive destiny.

"Whom God hath joined let no hostess put asunder." I read that of sloth, of intellectual unprepared.

Whom God hath joined let no hostess put asunder." I read that of sloth, of intellectual unprepared.

When he got home to supper he hostess put asunder." I read that somewhere.

It's not original. The whole world, from the start, seems to enter into a conspiracy to wrock the happiness of two young creatures who love and have married each other, for the world regards them, socially, as Siamese twins. And she who cuts the mystic membrane by trying to invite one-half of the twin to a dinner party without the other is guilty of a crim-time the surface of sloth, of intellectual unprepared-ness, of such extreme example all unprepared-ness, of such extreme examples all unprepared-ness, of such extreme examples womanly there can never be any real and thorough the care about not getting too fat, or latellectual unprepared-ness, of such extreme examples womanly there can never be any real and thorough the care about not getting too fat, or latellectual unprepared-ness, of such extreme examples womanly there can never be any real and thorough the care about not getting too fat, or latellectual unprepared-ness, of such extreme examples all that if a woman is really womanly there can never be any real and thorough the care about not getting too fat, or laving gray hair, or bothers with the other depreciations with any of the other depreciations with any of the other depreciations of the care and the car said: "I went to that sale, and because you to so set on having that old mahogany dining-room set I

"Oh. did you?" replied Mrs. Jarr. 'So it was you! One of the friends of Mrs. Stryver who was there offered to buy it in for me when it was put up, as we wanted to go to a

friends—worst of all, in the eyes of the unfortunate twins themselves.

At least the eyes of one of the twigs.
For the destiny that shapes our ends decrees that the conservative man aball leve the reckless woman who appals him and enthralls him. Worse yet, that there shall be something in his steadfasiness, in the very narrowness of his nature which gives her a sense of safety and of happiness even while she is being slowly smothered to death. Sometimes, naturally, it's the man who is smothered, the man who feels fond arms pressing

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

A MEMORABLE NIGHT; By Anna Katharine Green. ICHARD ATWATER was a young New York doctor. He shared a

house and office on West Twenty-fourth Street, in partnership with an eccentric physician named Richter-a man of mystery. Atwater was hopelessly in love with Dora Blank, and for a while he thought she was beginning to care for him. But a violent quarrel had lately put a check to his courtship.

One afternoon, Atwater could no longer bear the strain of separation from Dora. So he went out to her Orange home to beg forgiveness. There he found she and her mother were in New York for a day's shopping. Also that she was to sail for Europe at 9 o'clock next morning.

This news was tragic enough for a despairing lover. But when he learned that his rival, Appleby, was to sail on the same boat he realized that his own chances of winning Dora were practically gone. And he hit on the brilliant idea of crossing the ocean with them and of pleading his own cause during the voyage.

He attil had fifteen hours in which to get money and

to pack and to turn his practice over to Richter. Se he hurried back to his office. His partner was out. Before Atwater could begin to pack a messenger arived with news that one of his patients had suddenly fallen very ill somewhere on Second Avenue. A carriage was waiting to take him thither.

Atwater could ill spare the time for such a call. But he jumped into the carriage and bade the coachman to drive at top speed. At the Second Avenue address a servant conducted him to an upper room. Atwater entere The door was shut and locked behind him. He found himself a prisoner. He hammered at the door and shouted. But he could not get out nor

attract any one to his aid. Several hours later a man entered th locking the door behind him. Atwater rushed at him in fury, only to be halted by a suddenly-leveled pistol.

His jailer curtly told the doctor that no harm was intended toward him:

that he was merely in the hands of a group of men who desired him to stay where he was until the following morning, and that no further explanation could be given. The doctor was invited to make himself comfortable. Atwater blustered. He threatened legal punishment for any injury that might befall him. His host merely replied:

We deal punishment, not receive it." The captive told of his reasons for wishing to be free in time to take the next day's steamship. He offered his watch and such little money as he had in his pockets as the price of his release.
"We have no use for your money," was the quiet answer.

ciety that we want. As the memorable night wore on, Atwater at last fell coleep. When he woke day had broken. He was alone in the room. The door was not locked. o one sought to prevent him from leaving the place.

He was too late to arrange for passage on Dora's ship. He had barely

time to exchange an unsatisfactory good-by with her sent ashore. Smarting for revenge, he went straight to the pe

lice with his story. So strange was the tale that he appended to be laughed at. Instead, a detective said: You have not been home? Come. He conveyed Atwater to the house the doctor shared with Richter. The

"A fire!" gasped Atwater.

"No," contradicted the detective, "an internal machine burst in that house last night. Your friend was its victim." Atwater was too dazed to answer. But dimly he began to realize the debt

he owed to his partner's enemies for keeping him from going home on the night when they were to wreak their hatred on Richter and on everything within his house. It almost compensated for losing the sea trip with Dora.

When a Man's Married - By Dale Drummond -

"Let's hurry dinner, dear," he said.
"You remember I told you that Marion Lawrence had come to live in
Westland. I told her I'd bring you to CHAPTER XI. V/HEN Jane awoke the next

morning her first emotion, on a day that was to be crowd-call on her to-night."

memotions of various kinds, "Where did you see her?" Jane asked icily.
"On the train coming home. We say was one of shame. She lest to grined that she had been unable to grined that she had been unable to together."

"That was pleasant for you!" Jane "That was pleasant for you!" Jane

to your club luncheon."
"I suppose you wish you had mar-ried her instead of me. Emma Love-She hated to ask the tradesmen for more credit, but there was no other

As soon as Robert left she took joy says she's got money."

Thank you, I am perfectly satisfied with the wife I have."

"Oh, you needn't speak in that sara la king—some nice salad, coffee and castle way. I'm sure you wouldn't cakes. With the candles for the card have spoken so to that Mrs. Law-tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?"

"but if you buy any of that rickety tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" tables, and some salted nuts, it would rence. Where's MR. Lawrence?" Emma Lovejoy.

"Yes, I know a very good woman,"

Emma told her.

"Please give me her address. I'll go what I hear she doesn't grieve very those who need at! According to what I hear she doesn't grieve very those who need to the mourning, so and see the right away."

will have to get a substitute."

"Mrs. Lawrence?"

"Yes, she was one of your husband's

very intimate friends in his bachelor days. So she told me. She's very fascinating, but not as dainty and refund as you are."

"Tm sorry, dear, but as I promised fined as you are."

ber I'd come I'll run over for just a During Jane's short walk to the few moments. I won't stay long," house of the cook, she termented her-

"Here it is, only a short walk.
Tell her I sent you. Oh, by the way, shall you ask Mrs. Lawrence? You know, as Mrs. Holbrook is away, you times."

"I hadn't heard he was dead until she told me the other day."
"Oh. then you've seen her at other times."

jealousy Jane was feeling Robert left

(To Be Continued.)

Making a Hit By Alma Woodward Copyright, 1916, by The Press Pul At a Turkish Bath. Co. (The New York Beaning World),

that young Yale boy last year."
Mrs. B (languidly)—What makes
her hair like that?

what type he admires, and by the time she's ready to attack she's that shade—blonde, bruneste, Titlan—as the case may be. But men are fickle put up, as we wanted to go to a matinee. He just telephoned me that he could have bought the whole set for \$10, but some jay came in who appeared to want it so had the dealers are ran them up to five times their value on him just for a joke!"

"When the truckman brings it to this house I'll receive that old mahorany furniture with an axe!" decidared Mr. Jarr heatedly.

But he didn't. He tells people they are eld Colonial heirlooms.

Shade—Blonde. Grundets, Ittalin—as the case may be. But men are fickle and hair dyes uncertain (especially since the war)—hence the Joseph's Joseph's coat effect in the color of her hair.

Mrs. B (looking around for some one to pick on)—Some women do make fools of themselves for men, don't they? I'd like to see myself!

Mrs. A (vehement echo)—I'd like to see myself!

Mrs. A (vehement echo)—I'd like to see myself!

Mrs. B (continuing)—I come here to reduce. But do you think I'm reducting for any man's aproval? Not much! No, indeed! I'm doing it for my own satisfaction and bodily comfort.

Attendant (tersely)—She's the videntian, when the place is pointed out as the results. Bhe's been they are clock and suit business—and most much! No, indeed! I'm doing it for my own satisfaction and bodily comfort.

Oppright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Beening World),

At a Turkish Bath.

Seeme: A lounge room of a Turkish bath seems is labragat. If A. M.

(Idvains and contours, in lounging robes, spiping forths and contours. There is a decided note of an used to be a Spanish-looking woman come here. In her separation suit she testified that her husband's love wanted every time she weighed. And she made herself a wreck with baths and drugs and lemon juice, gotting thin. Now the man she has a crush on adores curves: and she lives on hot chocolate, pork and sweets. I'd like to see myself!

Mrs. A (caustically)—Me, too. It's just because of a few idiots like that that our whole sex has to suffer and

that our whole sex has to suffer and be termed weak-minded, when, really, her hair like that?

Mrs. A (eagerly)—Every time she picks out a man to angle for she finds out from one of his intimate friends out from one of his admires, and by the bridge at four, dinner at dance at ten and a slumming party